

ON *Exclusive in The Daily Carmelite*
PAPER by FREDERICK
WINGS O'BRIEN

THE DAILY CARMELITE

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No. 226 PAPER

MA KENNEDY, godly pest, lost her *What-a-Man* bigamistic beau after a hot honeymoon, and, narrowly, escaped the insane asylum. Aimee, a loving soul, thought to shut up her Ma. Scratch an evangelist and you tickle two nerves,—one madness, the other cunning. Scratch a missionary, and you tickle no funny-bone; merely, one incredible nerve.

§ §

MORTICIANS in national convention reveal their trade is off. Hard times make people live longer; eat less, walk more. The greater number, (thousands) who commit suicide, do not bull the coffin market. They are poor, usually, and, often stay in their watery graves.

§ §

Old Colonel, packed in pints (imperial), a newish Bourbon whisky, distilled in Montreal province, is dumped in America by the million bottles. My own village bootlegging gets it in original sacks, through the courtesy of the coast guard. There are, about each bottle, several packings of paper, fibre-board. The cork has a patent dingus, and, most serious of all, a little circular, rubbered about the bottle-neck, which says: "This paper, the protective wrapping, is only manufactured by *reputable* paper mills." I remember, once, meeting a lady in the Orient, the sister of the, then, hotspot American, lady evangelist, who told me that in her profession, prostitution, there were castes: "We, ladies of the gay night," she said, "have a duty to society." *Old Colonel* carries on.

§ §

ARE you interested in keeping America safe for individualism; in maintaining our so-called democracy, with capitalism? If so, work hard that way, for if America does not hearten its masses, provide them with labor and income, cease governing for privilege, we will verge toward the left, toward communism. Man is an animal that must eat and play, lodge and procreate. But, too, he must hope, he must believe in his future, have faith in his overlords to provide for him. Else, he broods, desponds, wrecks.

§ §

Hatter's Castle, by Cronin, a new English novel, holds the reader.

Death of Promising Student Engineer

W. Neville Whitney, twenty-seven year old engineering student at Stanford and part-time resident of Carmel for the past five years, died at a Peninsula hospital Tuesday night as the result of complications following a minor operation for tonsillar abscess.

The deceased, a brother of C. W. Whitney of Carmel, had spent a number of years in the service of the state highway commission. To further himself in his chosen work, he enrolled for an engineering course at Stanford and would have entered on his senior year next term. During vacation periods he resumed his employment and until recently was on highway work near Salinas. The late Mr. Whitney was a Monterey county boy, his parents residing in the southern part of the county near San Ardo.

Funeral services have been tentatively arranged for tomorrow morning at nine-thirty in San Carlos Church, Monterey.

THE TRAIL AHEAD

Friday, July twenty-fourth—Reading of Philip Barry's "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," Carol Eberts Veazie, in the Greenroom of the Studio Theatre; second reading, July twenty-ninth, "Green Grow the Liliacs."

Saturday, July twenty-fifth—Kathleen Parlow-Margaret Tilly, violin-piano sonatas, Denny-Watrous Gallery.

Tuesday, July twenty-eighth—Bross Quartette, concluding recital, Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough.

Thursday, July thirtieth—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," produced by Herbert Heron at Forest Theater. Continuing Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings.

On the Air—Frederick O'Brien, KPO tonight at six o'clock instead of seven as usual.



Globe Girdlers

A trail one hundred thousand miles long, stretched through thirty-five countries, lay behind Marco Barone, his donkey, "Inspiration," and his dog "Pal," as they wended their way into Carmel yesterday.

Marco is a Roman who is by way of being a globe-trotter, or walker. Sixteen years ago he was in Carmel, as verified by a postmark secured at that time, following his usual practice. Since his first visit he has been chasing the horizon in several directions; has clippings, postmarks, autographs, photographs and travel-marked features to bear out his story.

"Inspiration," the donkey, has been his travel companion only a part of the way—for the past three years to be exact. A Mexican by nativity, "Inspiration" is all donk; twice in California he has had his master in hot water for traffic obstruction.

Traveller Barone defrays the expenses of his meanderings by lecturing, and like all good travellers, he has a book in preparation.

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"BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK" A COMPLICATED PRODUCTION

By FRANCES BAKER

Did you ever sit down to breakfast and analyze last night's dream to the rest of the table? Strange how the man who sold you the soap yesterday afternoon, should turn out to be your brother from the East. And you find yourself attending the most formal tea in that funny looking hat you saw on the street corner down town. When these small details push off the lid of reality and grow into tremendous unruly geni, the most farcical situations arise.

Neil McRae, the "Beggar on Horseback," who rides nightly across the stage of the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough, dreams himself into a series of just such hilarious situations. In real life, like so many of us, his unspoken thought is, "her brother Homer makes me sick." Later what his consternation to have his thought announced to a crowded room by eight butlers.

The cast of "Beggar on Horseback" is most fortunate in having Peggy Randall, who has done splendid work with the Stanford Players. She won herself the nickname "Dulcy" on the campus by her fine acting in that play. It will interest the Peninsula to know that she played the role of the Princess Ann in the Stanford production of "The Queen's Husband." In the forthcoming production "Beggar on Horseback," she is admirably cast in the role of Neil's sweetheart, very blonde and very understanding, according to the generally accepted rule for modern sweethearts.

The organization of the production has been most intricate. There are forty members in the cast to be trained. Peter Friedrichsen is designing thirteen sets that will stand out as one of the finest things he has ever done. The very original costumes have been designed by James Kemble Mills. When "Beggar on Horseback" is produced on August sixth to ninth, Edward Kuster will present one of the most pretentious and difficult of all the seventy plays to be produced in either the Golden Bough proper or the present Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough.

SECOND PARLOW-TILLY RECITAL

That publicity had not exaggerated the fineness of the Parlow-Tilly ensemble nor the quality of the players was evidenced in the spontaneous enthusiasm which was being expressed on every side as the crowd left the Denny-Watrous Gallery last Saturday evening.

The second and last of the violin-piano sonata recitals will be heard next Saturday night, at eight-thirty.

HENRY COWELL IN MONTREAL by VIOLA CAMERON

in "The Passing Show" (Montreal)

Probably more than any other of the arts, music expresses the changing fashions of the day, and all those who heard Henry Cowell's illustrated lectures in Montreal recently have a greater realization of the new movements in modern music and the fact that there is a great deal that is yet inadequate in modern musical forms for the fullest expression of a composer's creations. Furthermore, it is certain that the piano will have to undergo some sort of change before it can be a perfect medium for the multiple moods of music.

Henry Cowell's name is familiar, as a composer and a pianist, to many of the followers of the newest trends in music. His aim is to enlarge the boundaries of music, and his book, "New Music Resources" (Knopf), is the result of years of research on the part of the writer. . . In his lecture given to a small and exclusive gathering, comprised of psychologists and professors as well as interested laymen, Mr. Cowell introduced the "tone-clusters" for which he had developed a new technique producing great sweeps of orchestral sounds as a basis of melodies that express the spirit of Irish myths. He achieved some quite unusual musical effects by using his elbows and whole forearm.

Collectors and arrangers of Negro folk songs are unable to produce the real original melodies because they are hampered by tones and half tones, according to Mr. Cowell, who pointed out that new musical rhythms would have to supplement the *one, two, three* time; eighth and quarter tones would also help to amend this lack.

***Cowell is now on a camping trip at the Big Sur; returns for a concert in San Francisco Friday night.

FINANCING FIRE PROTECTION

California's share of federal funds for forest fire control for the current fiscal year is \$161,288, an increase of nearly fourteen thousand dollars over the allotment of last year. This appropriation is made under the Clarke-McNary law which provides for cooperation between the states and the federal government in fire control and is used by the State Division of Forestry for the purpose of employing additional rangers or guards, purchasing fire fighting equipment, erecting lookout towers or other prevention measures.

The environs of Carmel are included in the area patrolled by the state forest rangers, this district being under the supervision of Ranger Bayliss with headquarters in Pacific Grove.

THE DAILY CARMELITE

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER, CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

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Carmel Day by Day

By THE GADFLY

Up and anon. Thoughts while meandering. Peeked in on a window display on the Avenue. Spied some efforts by a local scribe. He has all the college labels with the exception of B. V. D. after his cognomen. I once bought a can labelled peaches and when I opened it, I discovered tomatoes. This is no reflection on the follower of Freudian fundamentals. I see that one of his opus is on *Worry*. I hope this observation doesn't get him on that Octopus trail. Another opus on *Sex*; it should find a very fertile field here where the Cafeteria system of Matrimony is rampant. Some come here in the throes of nuptial bliss and then a few nocturnal escapades and zowie—some giglo or Peggy Hopkins gets sinuous, serpentine, artistic and what have you and then Monogamy is metamorphosed into Polyandry or Polygamy. None of my business anyway but do your stuff, Doc. they might pursue your psychological effusions even though they do parade as ultra-bohemians. Query—Say, Scribe, Psycho-This-And-Psycho-That, do you look anything like your photo? Or is it like most of the foto-punishments, a slight prevarication?

Sauntered by a personage on the avenue who carries a rustic cane and wears a massive-looking turquoise ring. His coiffure is somewhat anemic in the halo section with fertility on other areas about his caput. But he did not carry a violin. "Shades of Dante," I murmured and went on musing on the slump in tonsorial business. Are you following me in my peregrinations or do you need a "cicerone"? The way would be easier if they would only lubricate some more of our alleys with dat crude oil. Why the civic parsimony? Chance for the unemployed artists to do some of the by-ways in oil. Says me with a verve.

Gent whose girth bespoke gormandizing treatments for many a moon waddling along with frail member of the Pajama Ltd. I looked at his elephantine bulk and screamed inwardly—"What a man." Does this conjure up anything to you of evangelistic import? Sunny boy is again sneaking o'er the burnished horizon—See you anon.

CARMEL

Your rich-bound coast,
Your tortured, twisted trees,
Hold me entranced.
How wondrous strange
Has Nature played her pranks,
Then offered them to man
For contemplation.
Your winding, flower-grown streets,
Where hidden 'neath the verdure,
Enchanting homes
Hide their fair faces,
Loving solitude.
Here may the artist with his brush
Find food for his nimble hands;
Here may the poet pour forth
In words of liquid gold
His adoration of the beautiful.
Inspired are these hills,
God-crowned with beauty
And intriguing mystery-spray.
The ocean dashes high its silver,
The trees bend low in admiration.
Peace and contentment live within
your borders.
What more, then, can man crave?

—ANNA M. ARMBRUSTER

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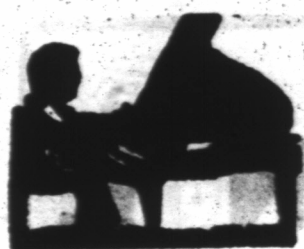
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SCULPTURED HISTORY IN THE MAKING

The currency of Jo Davidson's exhibit in London which includes busts of Lincoln Steffens and Robinson Jeffers, suggests publication of the following letter written from Paris five years ago by Frederick O'Brien:

Paris, 6 rue de Bellechasse,
June 8, 1926.

I dropped in on Lincoln Steffens, at the Hotel Richepanse, this morning, and found Jo Davidson there. He and Steffens are close friends. Jo has that convention of kidding, so common in America, and nowhere else that I know of. Often, it is to hide or forestall a feeling of inferiority, but Jo is, apparently, not afflicted with that complex. He is bristling, solid, almost fat man, of middle height, loudly dressed, and with a mass of black beard and hair that are unusual for an American, though common to the Russian Jew he was born. His eyes are Oriental, beautiful, black as kohl.

I told him what Percy Rockefeller had said to me about his bust of John D. Rockefeller, senior; that it was a little cruel, that the sculptor might have been kinder about the mouth.

"Rockefeller got me to do him, because I'm the highest-priced man in the world," Jo replied, laughingly.

He was on his way to a dentist. He drew back his lips and looked into a mirror, and then showed his teeth to me, all quite regular and well-patched.

"Is he a good dentist?" I asked. "Is he dear?"

"Anything that's good is dear," he answered. "Rockefeller knows that."

I haven't seen Jo's bust of Rockefeller, only photographs, when in Alassio. Some

years ago, I saw Paul Manship's bust of old man Rockefeller. It spared him nothing. Jo must have observed that Manship bust closely. Jo has an immense vitality, ebullient, assertive, sensual. Sculptors in America, who have spoken of him to me, have had little praise for him as an artist, but much talk about him getting a striking likeness, of his being a shrewd moneymaker, a salesman of himself and his art. There is jealousy in all professions. Cellin and Raphael were great salesmen. Jo depicts life. Jo's doing Walt Whitman for the Battery park in New York, and the dead senator LaFollette, for some admirers of LaFollette, for the Hall of Fame. He did LaFollette, a bust, in Paris, when LaFollette returned from Russia some years ago. I saw it at that time in Davidson's studio; a striking likeness. It was the bristling, combative politician who had fought so many years for a place of power. But, it seems that, now, the widow has the say, and she, a pacifist in all things except her will, wants her husband represented as a man of peace. Steffens is going this morning to take the pose, or in some way assist in the task of making the pacific LaFollette for the Hall of Fame.

Charmian London came today at noon and stayed to lunch. She played Chopin's revolutionary *Etude*. She has been in Europe for some months, and is returning to California by way of Denmark.

Ruth Waring

announces an exhibit of

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